

World's Fair Special Edition  
THE WORLD'S FAIR SONG "HIT"

# She Was From Missouri

World's Fair Special Edition



World's Fair Special Edition

AND THE NEW WALTZ-SONG "HIT"

## "IN THE FALL-FALL-FALL"

### Price 25 cents

WILL ROSSITER

PUBLISHER

225 Washington Street, CHICAGO

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## SHE WAS FROM MISSOURI

Words and music by Theron C. Bennett  
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A wise boy from Chicago, who had lots of dough to spend,  
Came down to old St. Louis just to see his lady friend.  
They rode out to the Fair grounds to see the wonders there;  
He in all his city wisdom to see the maiden stare.

### CHORUS.

Oh, she was from Missouri, and she had to see it all;  
She worked the guy so smoothly he had nothing left at all.  
For ev'ry show it took a plunk, for ev'ry beer a dime;  
And thus she worked Chicago for a good old jolly time.

He thought she'd be so simple he could twirl her 'round his  
thumb;

But a sweet St. Louis dimple means a barrel full of fun.  
With one hand on his collar and the other on his dough,  
Miss St. Louis made Chicago pay well for ev'ry show.

**NOTICE!** Will Rossiter wishes to call your attention to the  
fact that this great song,

### SHE WAS FROM MISSOURI

is the latest success, and is one of the most popular and greatest sellers  
in America today. We have made a special arrangement with the  
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## YOUR PLACE IS IN THE MEADOWS, NELL

Words by Arthur J. Lamb Music by Robt. P. Skilling  
Copyright MCMIII by Victor Kremer Co.

A young man and a pretty girl sat in a swell cafe,  
Her lovely eyes did with excitement shine;  
The blushes came unto her cheeks as soft she heard him say:  
"I'll give you riches if you will be mine."

But while he pleaded for her love, in words that were but false,  
Another young man sought the maiden's side.  
"Oh, do not listen to him, Nell, he'll soon grow tired of you,  
He'll break your heart if you become his bride."

### REFRAIN.

Your place is in the meadows, Nell,  
Where air is pure and hearts are true.  
For in a cottage near the dell  
A loving mother waits for you.  
The trees and flow'rs, the songs of birds,  
The voice of one who loves you well,  
Are more than your false lover's words;  
Your place is in the meadows, Nell.

Along the quiet country road a tired woman strays,  
The golden stars shine in the heaven's dome.  
But soon a happy smile lights up her thin and wasted face,  
For she has reached her dear old cottage home.  
The well-known gate she opens, then she totters to the door,  
"Forgive me, mother, I've come home," she cries.  
"The one I loved forsook me, but I know you love me still."  
The mother folds her in her arms and sighs:

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
**WILL ROSSITER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.**

## MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS, LOUIS

Parody by Harry L. Newton

When Willie came home from a "bat,"  
He sneaked in his cute little flat;  
He gazed all around, but no wifey he found,  
He wondered where she could be at.  
He says: "I've come home with a 'tied,'  
But now I'm loose once more," he cried.  
He put on his coat and took the next boat,  
To St. Louis he went for a ride.

### CHORUS.

He went to St. Louis, now he's sorry that he spoke;  
He piked the Pike for several pikes and then he was dead broke.  
He met a hoochee koochee and he called her tootsie wootsie.  
Took his coin and said: "Oh, Willie, Willie, now I hope you  
choke."

### CHORUS.

Willie saw a sign, "Chop Suey, this is the place for it."  
He said: "I'll take a chop at Suey; don't like her one bit.  
For Suey is my mother-in-law, I'll just take a chop at her jaw;  
Here's your money, I'll now chop Suey, Suey, chop her into bits.

## ON THE GARDEN WALL

Words and music by Francis Dewey  
Copyright MCMII by Victor Kremer Co.

When twilight shadows fall, to a certain garden wall  
With hastening steps I go where waits a maid I know.  
She coyly meets me there. Oh, she is very fair,  
The little maid with eyes so blue that tells me she is true.

### CHORUS.

On the garden wall, when shadows 'round us fall,  
'Neath the soft blue sky a little maid and I,  
Whisp'ring soft and low, our hearts with love o'erflow.  
Filled with joy are my little maid and I.

The night birds flutter by; our thoughts as swiftly fly  
To days that will be soon in the happy month of June.  
The wedding-bells will ring, the merry children sing,  
On the day the knot we tie, this little maid and I.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
**WILL ROSSITER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.**

## LIFE AIN'T WORTH LIVING WHEN YOU'RE BROKE

Words and music by Irving Jones  
Copyright 1901 by Victor Kremer Co.

Most ev'ry coon in Coontown has a hard-luck stare;  
Some of them live on nothing but the free fresh air.  
And when they eat reg'lar it's a big surprise;  
When they see a fried chicken some faints, some dies.  
If the world would rain money, some coons are so slow,  
Before they could catch any it would turn to snow.  
To be a money getter you must be quite wise;  
If it stays on earth I'll get it, and I'll shoot it if it flies.

### CHORUS.

Life ain't worth living when you're broke;  
When your appetite calls for chicken, it's no joke.  
I love this earth and will live high,  
When I can't eat reg'lar I want to die;  
Life ain't worth living when you're broke.

An awful po'k-chop famine has just struck Coontown;  
I'm the only reg'lar boarder you can find around.  
Some darkies live on doughnuts from a paper bag,  
And a lot of other darkies only chew the rag.  
They don't own sufficient clothes to wad an old shotgun;  
When the ragman comes around those coons begin to run.  
If I was one who had to live in despair,  
I would go 'way back and sit down in that old electric chair.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
**WILL ROSSITER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.**

# DAINTY DAISY DAY.

By W. R. WILLIAMS,

Author of "Sweet Nellie Bawn," "Only a Faded Rose."

INTRO.



1. Dain - ty Dai - sy Day's the girl, be - cause she's cute and  
2. Dain - ty Dai - sy Day's the girl to whom the boys pro-



fly,..... And Dai - sy knows just when to smile, just  
claim..... They love the ground she's stand - ing on, they





when to wink her eye;..... Of course, she's nev - er  
know it's in her name..... She's not a coun - try

The first system of the musical score for 'Dainty Daisy Day'. It features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staff (treble and bass staves). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The music is in 2/2 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano part consists of chords and single notes, with some measures containing rests marked with an 'x'.

for - ward,..... And still she's nev - er slow;..... The boys say,  
maid - en..... Of in - no - cence ga - lore;..... And when it

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano part continues with chords and single notes, maintaining the 2/2 time and one-sharp key signature.

she's a won - der,..... and sure - ly they should know.....  
comes to jol - ly,..... well, she's been there be - fore.....

The third system of the musical score. It concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano part continues with chords and single notes, maintaining the 2/2 time and one-sharp key signature.

# Chorus.

5

Yes, Dain - ty Dai - sy Day's the girl, you'll love but her a - lone;..... Her

styl - ish grace, her smil - ing face would melt a heart of stone..... Her

gowns are neat, her ways dis - creet; that's what the neigh - bors say,.....

Full of fun, the fav - 'rite one is Dainty Dai-sy Day..... Day.....

"Dainty Daisy Day." 3-3.




# Though We Part, I'll Not Forget You





By W. R. WILLIAMS,

Author of "Sweet Nellie Bawn," "Only a Faded Rose,"  
"Somebody's Sweetheart," etc.


*INTRO.*



1. At last the hour has come for part - ing,..... When two hearts must  
2. At last our sweet day dreams have van - ished, ..... And life's bright - ness



say good - by, Just when two young lives were start - ing,.....  
fades a - way, All the hopes of fu - ture ban - ished,.....



Just when hap-pi-ness seemed nigh.      Though we'll part, I'll not for-  
 Fate once more doth hold full sway.      Though on earth our lives be

get you;      Drift - ing on the sea of strife,  
 blight-ed,      Naught can dim so true a flame,

You have been a ray of sun - shine Strew'n a - cross my path of life.....  
 Naught can break the troth once plight - ed,      We shall meet in heav'n a - gain.....

"Though we part, I'll not forget you." 3-2



Refrain.

5

Though we part, I'll not for - get you,

In my mem'-ry you re - main;      Though the part - ing be re -

gret - ful,      We may some - day meet a - gain.....

"Though we part, I'll not forget you." 3-2.

## NAVAJO

Parody by Harry L. Newton

By ginger! I'm disgusted with my life, I think I'll go far away;  
I have so much trouble with my wife, all her bills I have to pay.  
For ev'ry morning she goes to the store and buys all kinds of  
clothes;

I won't stand it, not any more, I'll go straight to Mexico,  
And get me after a while a wife who only wears a smile.

### CHORUS.

For a wife I'll have a Navajo;  
They wear a blanket wherever they go.  
No clothes she'd buy, no style she'd show;  
I'll have a Navajo.

### CHORUS.

She would never wear any shoes,  
That would be a paradise for all the Jews.  
To save money to go to Mexico  
And get a Navajo.

### CHORUS.

She would work hard all the time, you know;  
I'd sit in the kitchen and count the dough.  
I'll take the first train on the B. & O.  
And capture a Navajo.

## YOUR BLESSING, MOTHER, WE PRIZE BEST OF ALL

By Albert J. Edwards

Copyright 1904 by American Advance Music Co.

'Twas the eve before a wedding, in a little seaside town;  
Just plain fisher folks were groom and bride to be.  
All the neighbors 'round sent presents, although humble in their  
way,

They were meant to wish the pair prosperity.  
The mother of the happy youth beheld the tokens there,  
And tenderly she faltered: "Children dear,  
Take a poor old mother's blessing, it is all I have to give,"  
And the lad said, as with love he draws her near:

### CHORUS.

Your blessing, mother, we prize most of all.  
'Twill comfort us whatever may befall.  
Friendly gifts we treasure, too,  
But the dearest comes from you.  
Your blessing, mother, we prize most of all.

By the sea, outside a cottage, after years have drifted by,  
Children play around their grandma old and gray;  
And their happy parents near them gaze with joy upon the scene,  
Sweethearts still, their love grows dearer day by day.  
In worldly goods they've prospered, Fortune's sunshine lights  
their sky,  
No cloud has come to cause one hour of pain.  
When in turn each kisses granny, as the children call her now,  
Then it seems she hears the welcome words again:

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
WILL ROSSITER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

## YOU'RE AS WELCOME AS THE FLOWERS IN MAY

Parody by Harry L. Newton

Last night I went out with a dream, I took her to a swell cafe;  
She said she'd like some peaches an cream. I said: "Go's far as  
you like, I'll pay."

Her first name was May I understood, her appetite was certainly  
very good.  
To twelve birds May didn't do a thing; then I heard the waiter  
loudly sing:

### CHORUS.

I want money for those birds in May,  
Twenty bones is all you'll have to pay.  
I've been waiting long, please don't delay;  
Cough up twenty for those birds in May.

## THE MAN WITH THE LADDER AND THE HOSE

By T. Mayo Geary

Copyright 1904 by the American Advance Music Co.

(Sung with Hale's Fire Fighters at the Louisiana Exposition.)

When we've climbed the bedroom stairs, and we've said our  
evening prayers,  
Kissed little ones and tucked them in their beds;  
And we lay us down to sleep, who must always vigil keep,  
Though perhaps he may have aching heart and head.  
When the fire-bells ring at night, filling timid hearts with fright,  
And the sky is red with fiery glare,  
When you hear the pleading cry from a window up on high,  
Who is always there to do and dare?

### CHORUS.

It's the man with the ladder, it's the man with the hose,  
Who fights a foe no mercy ever shows;  
A fireman, bold and brave, he battles life to save,  
What moment he may die he never knows.  
Though each soldier and sailor we love,  
Who fears not when to the front he goes;  
There's another one in blue, he's our nation's hero, too,  
It's the man with the ladder and the hose.

Picture, at the evening meal, just as twilight shadows steal,  
A firemen with his children gathered 'round.  
And he thanks the One above he has little ones to love;  
A better father never could be found.  
Just then rings the fire alarm, and with not a thought of harm  
Off he springs to answer duty's call.  
It may be his last good-by, it may be his fate to die;  
He's done a fireman's duty, that is all.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
WILL ROSSITER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

## I WONDER HOW THE DEVIL GOT IN EDEN

Words and music by Ernest B. Lydick

Copyright 1904 by E. B. Lydick

You've heard about the serpent that tempted Eve to stray;  
It was a sort of reptile we don't see ev'ry day.  
Some claim the snake was Satan, of course that all may be,  
But when I hear them state that fact, this thought occurs to me:

### CHORUS

Well, I wonder how the devil got in Eden,  
And tempted Eve to do such awful things.  
Was the fence not high enough? was it built of fragile stuff?  
Or did the devil have a pair of wings?  
The Holy Writ gives little information,  
But on one point the preachers all agree.  
Just ask about "Old Nick," they'll answer very quick:  
"Old Nick's the cause of all iniquity."

It is an awful pity the snake did Eve beguile,  
For woman then discovered her clothes were not in style;  
Where, if that naughty serpent could have been kept away,  
An Easter hat of eighty-four would be in style to-day.

There was a holy deacon who had a kicking cow,  
And he could never milk her without an awful row;  
Sometimes she'd kick the milk-pail a rod or more away,  
And then, if you were standing near, you'd hear the deacon say:

One day he ran a cable around her heels and jaw,  
Then said as he was milking: "I've got you now, ha, ha!"  
She kicked and lost her balance, she fell the deacon's way;  
Then with that cow on top of him he cried in great dismay:

A preacher preached a sermon on Eden and the snake;  
He proved 'twas very naughty for Eve the fruit to take.  
Then said: "Please join in singing some hymn to suit the case."  
And deacon Jones, who pitched the tunes, sang with bewitching  
grace:

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
Lydick, Turner & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.



## JUST BECAUSE I'M FROM MISSOURI

Words and music by Percy Wenrich  
Copyright MCMIII by Buck & Carney

Talk about your Jonahs and your hoodoo men,  
Or the coons who quarrel for love,  
I'm worse off than any crazy old has-been  
Down below or up above.  
If I had a pass to Peter's golden gate,  
Gabriel never'd blow his horn;  
Just because I came from old Missouri state,  
Where unlucky folks are born.

### CHORUS.

Just because I'm from Missouri, ev'rything goes wrong;  
Hard luck finds me in the morning, sticks the whole day long.  
Anything good couldn't find me ever,  
So good-by to me, amen, forever.  
Just because I'm from Missouri.

All the money that I get is just like brass,  
Even if it once was gold;  
If my luck don't change then I'll blow out the gas,  
If the weather ain't too cold.  
Ev'rybody seems to point at me and say:  
"There goes that Missouri coon."  
So I must go on until the Judgment Day,  
And it can't come none too soon.

**NOTICE!** Will Rossiter wishes to call your attention to the fact that this great song,

### JUST BECAUSE I'M FROM MISSOURI

is the latest success, and is one of the most popular and greatest sellers in America today. We have made a special arrangement with the publisher of this song to furnish you complete copies at 25 cents each if you fill in and send this coupon.

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## THE ARROW AND THE MAID

Words by Arthur A. Penn Music by Edw. Hutchison  
Copyright MCMIII by Frank H. Buck

Once it fell upon a day that little Cupid lay  
Fast asleep beneath the trees;  
And a maiden passing by decided she would try  
Just a peep, her mind to ease.  
She had never been in love, you know, but often longed to be;  
So she picked up one of Cupid's darts and wondered whether she  
Would ever feel its little point within her beating heart,  
Or whether she and Love would walk forevermore apart.

### CHORUS.

Love, you're just the same to-day with your tricky little way.  
You can pierce a maiden's heart right through, your darts they  
fly so straight and true.  
So, Cupid, bend your little bow, keep on shooting all you know,  
And for ev'ry arrow you let fly you'll find a maid.

While the maiden lingered still there came a little thrill  
In her heart, for Cupid 'woke.  
Then she turned to run away and, much to her dismay,  
Threw the dart so far it broke.  
But Cupid did not hesitate, he took another one,  
And quick as thought he pulled the string, and then the deed  
was done.  
The maiden gave a little gasp, she knew that she'd been hit.  
And after that, why, troubles didn't worry her a bit.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
Buck & Carney, 59 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

## MY LOVE OF BYGONE DAYS

Words and music by Richard Stahl  
Copyright MDCCCXC VII by Thiebes-Stierlin Music Co.

In a vine-clad cottage, near where breakers roar,  
Lived a pretty lassie in the days of yore,  
Watching for her loved one far across the sea;  
And fond recollections bring this melody:

### CHORUS.

Thou art mine forever, I'll forsake thee never,  
Years may come and go, love, both may seek diff'rent ways;  
But I will be steadfast, dark clouds can't fore'er last,  
And I'll claim my love of bygone days.

Many tried to win her, but her heart was true.  
Looking at a picture, whispers, "I love you."  
Patiently she waited many years in vain,  
And each night in silence sang this same refrain:

In a vine-clad cottage a lonely woman knits;  
Through the open doorway a shadow sudden flits.  
Kneeling down beside her she looks into his eyes,  
Waiting for his answer a trembling voice replies:

### CHORUS.

Thou art mine forever, I'll forsake thee never,  
Many years have passed since, both have gone diff'rent ways;  
But I have been steadfast, all dark clouds have gone past,  
And I claim my love of bygone days.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
Thiebes-Stierlin Music Co., St. Louis, Mo.

## MY ROSE

Poem by Ruth McEnery Stuart Music by E. S. Kroeger  
Copyright MCMIII by Thiebes-Stierlin Music Co.

Oh, my rose ain't white, an' my rose ain't red,  
An' my rose don't grow on de vines on de shed;  
But she libs in de cabin where de roses twines,  
An' she wrings out de clo'es in de shade ob de vines.

An' de red rose falls an' de white rose sheds,  
Till dey kiver all de groun' where my brown rose treads;  
An' de butterfly comes, an' de bumblebee, too,  
An' de hummin'-bird hums all de long day troo.

An' dey sip at de white, an' dey tas'e at de red,  
An' dey fly in an' out ob de vines roun' de shed;  
While I comes erlong an' I gathers some buds,  
An' makes some remarks 'bout wrenchin' an' suds.  
But de birds an' de bees an' de rest ob us knows  
Dat we all hangin' roun' des ter look at my Rose.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
Thiebes-Stierlin Music Co., St. Louis, Mo.

## WHEN SPRING COMES BY

By Alexander Henneman  
Copyright MCM by Thiebes-Stierlin Music Co.

Alas, for you, that dull care holds aloof from common joy.  
Begone! all woe, for Spring unfolds delights without alloy.  
Merry and gay, merry and gay, the springtime cometh nigh;  
Merry and gay, merry and gay, the springtime cometh nigh.

### CHORUS.

How sweet and clear the skylark trills,  
When Spring comes dancing o'er the hills.  
Comes gaily by. Sing nonny, lidey, hidey, oh!  
Comes gaily by. Sing high-oh lidey oh-high!

Of you, sweet friends, if one there be whose heart at joy is  
wrung,  
Oh, think what peace encircled thee when thou wert blithe and  
young.  
Merry and gay, merry and gay, the springtime cometh nigh;  
Merry and gay, merry and gay, the springtime cometh nigh.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
Thiebes-Stierlin Music Co., St. Louis, Mo.

## BEDELIA

Parody by Edwards & Ronney

You have heard of all the star fakers that roam this mighty land,  
But the last one that has come to us you'll say he beats the band;  
He can make a thousand dollars where the others make a dime,  
He's the best that ever came across the line,  
And he sticks to it and gets it all the time.

### CHORUS

O, Dowie, you are a la-la, O, Dowie, you know your book.  
They laughed at you in New York, but six millions from them  
you took.  
Rockefeller and J. P. Morgan—you've beat them both a mile;  
O, go back, back, back to Zion, and no one will be crying  
for you, Dowie, O, Dowie dear.

O, Bedelia worked at housework for a gentleman so grand;  
He once told her she was pretty as he took her by the hand.  
Then said he: "My sweet Bedelia, will you kiss me, little dear?"  
But he did not know his wife was standing near,  
So he kissed her once or twice, but had no fear.

### CHORUS

"O, Bedelia, I'd like to steal you," that was all the poor jay said;  
The next thing that he remembered was that he awoke in bed;  
There stood his little wife, a poker in her hand.  
"Say Bedelia-eliza-eliza, I would like, my dear, to steal you," said  
his wife, "and I will land."

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mail-order bargains. Will Rossiter, 56 5th Ave., Chicago, Ill.

## I'M GOIN' BACK TO OLD MISSOURI

Words and music by M. P. Gallagher  
Copyright 1903 by Geo. M. Krey

I have travelled far away from my old Missouri home,  
Where as a lad spent many happy hours.  
But my thoughts they wander back as thru other lands I roam,  
To the corn-fields, the humming-birds and flow'rs.  
My dear mother at the window would watch the children play;  
Her smiling face is ever with me still.  
And she said: "My boy, God bless you," as I wandered far away  
From the little cot that stood beside the hill.

### CHORUS

I'm going back to old Missouri, where the yellow corn does grow,  
To see my dear old mother, whom I left long years ago.  
For I know she will be waiting with a welcome at the door.  
The fields of corn and dear old home I long to see once more.

Many years have come and gone since I've seen that dear old  
place;  
I've been in many lands and diff'rent climes;  
And I am ever longing to see my mother's face,  
And hear the songbirds warbling in the vines.  
For I am trav'ling homeward and hope ere long to see  
The loved ones that I left so long ago.  
I can almost scent the perfume of the fields so dear to me,  
In Missouri where the yellow corn does grow.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
George M. Krey, 1364 Broadway, New York.

## THE SONG THAT I HEAR IN MY DREAMS

Words and music by Walter Rolfe  
Copyright 1902 by Walter Rolfe

A crowd of good fellows, on pleasure bent,  
Were seated together one night,  
When one of their number arose and sang  
The latest song for their delight.  
It started discussion on songs of all kinds;  
Each there had a style he liked best;  
Some liked the songs about home and love,  
And others the songs of jest.  
From his seat in a corner a youth arose;  
"You've chosen your favorites," said he,

"But where is the song that will live as long  
As this one that's so dear to me?"

### CHORUS

It's the song that I hear in my dreams,  
And the best that I ever heard;  
It will live in my mem'ry forever;  
I treasure it ev'ry word.  
It's "Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, mother is near;  
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, nothing to fear."  
It's the song that was sung by my mother dear;  
It's the song that I hear in my dreams.

The crowd stopped to listen and, as he sang,  
In many an eye there gleamed tears.  
The singer had touched them with that sweet song  
That many had not heard in years.  
And visions of childhood and mother, so dear,  
Came back with that old cradle song.  
One touch of nature had thrilled the hearts  
Of ev'ry one in that throng.  
"Sing it over again, Jack," they asked him, then,  
For though it was simple and plain,  
No song of the night gave them such delight  
As they joined in the sweet refrain.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
George M. Krey, 1364 Broadway, New York.

## TWO EYES OF BROWN

Words by Edward Madden Music by Stephen Howard  
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Lovers have likened their sweethearts to ev'ry flow'r that grew;  
Some to the rose and the lily, and some to the violet blue;  
But I know a maiden that's sweeter than any flow'r e'er grown,  
With a look that is tender and loving in two little eyes of brown.

### CHORUS

Two eyes of brown that look so shyly down,  
Two lips as red and as sweet as a rose, full-blown,  
Two dimples fair, smiling 'neath auburn hair,  
And one little miss I'm longing to kiss,  
With her two eyes of brown.

Roses are emblems of passion, each breathes a fragrance rare;  
Modesty sweet has the violet, the lily means purity fair;  
But search o'er the hills and the valleys, there'll ne'er a flow'r be  
found  
To compare with the beauty that's hidden in two little eyes of  
brown.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
WILL ROSSITER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

## CLARINDA

Words and music by Leon Berg  
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In the moonlight's gleam, on the silv'ry stream,  
Drifting slowly in a shell,  
Sat a maiden fair in her lover's care,  
Who had stories sweet to tell.  
"Won't you kiss me, dear?" she could often hear,  
Till her ruby lips met his.  
On his mandolin he would play a strain,  
And sing to her like this:

### CHORUS

You are my sweet Clarinda, I love you dear and true;  
My childhood's dreams of fairies are realized in you.  
At morn, at noon, at nighttime your face I seem to see;  
You are my sweet Clarinda, and you belong to me.

And the maid so coy, filled with tears of joy,  
Gently whispered, "I'll be thine.  
In your eyes of blue I read you are true,  
And you always will be mine.  
All the stars above know of our sweet love,  
They have heard your wooing strain.  
Dearest, play again on your mandolin  
That most enchanting strain."

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
WILL ROSSITER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.



## IF YOU CAN'T BE A BELL-COW, FALL IN BEHIND

Words and music by A. L. Robb and J. Fred Helf.  
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Eph Green's wife said to him one day, "See here my colored friend,  
You're flying just too high for me and this is got to end;  
For when I ask you for some coin, you always are without.  
If you've got money in the bank, why just go and dig it out.  
You know in ev'ry drove of cows out in the pastures green,  
Round one cow's neck there is a bell; perhaps this fact you've  
seen.

This bell-cow always heads the bunch and leads them on their  
way;

The rank and file fall in the rear, so it's up to me to say:

### CHORUS,

If you can't be a bell-cow, fall in behind.  
It wouldn't grieve me if you should leave me, I wouldn't mind.  
It ain't any use for to frown and to kick,  
If the pace is too fast, why you'd better not stick;  
If you can't be a bell-cow, fall in behind."

"You stick all right," said Mrs. Green, "you're worse than royal  
glue,

The only time you leave this house is when the rent is due;  
For when the landlord hits the door, you make tracks for the gate.  
If that's diplomacy, why, then, as a diplomat you're great.  
An envelope would hold your clothes, a pill-box hold your dough,  
You've got the laziest man in town just beat a mile or so.  
You want to pull the rope right quick and transfer from this line;  
You wasn't made to lead a bunch, you're a piker and a shine.

**NOTICE!** Will Rossiter wishes to call your attention to the  
fact that this great song,

"If You Can't Be a Bell-Cow, Fall in Behind"

is the latest success, and is one of the most popular and greatest  
sellers in America today. We have made a special arrangement with the  
publisher of this song to furnish you complete copies at 25 cents each  
if you fill in and send this coupon.

### COUPON

THIS COUPON and 25 cents (in stamps) if sent  
to WILL ROSSITER, 56 FIFTH AVENUE, Chicago,  
Illinois, is good for one complete original copy of  
"If You Can't Be a Bell-Cow, Fall in Behind."

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Town \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

## JOHN WOULD NEVER DO THAT

Words by John Gilroy. Music by Harry Linton.  
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My brother John was mother's pet,  
The jams and toys for him she'd get,  
She'd boast of him the whole day long,  
She thought that John could do no wrong,  
My aunts and uncles, ma and dad,  
All agreed that I was bad,  
At my misdeeds they'd all say "Scat,  
Your brother John would never do that."

### CHORUS.

John would never do that, John would never do this,  
John did everything immense, I was a fool and had no sense,  
John was always right, with me they always would fight,  
Wherever I stood or wherever I sat, they'd tell me that Johnny  
would never do that.

When I grew up to man's estate,  
About dear John they still did prate,  
For him they'd say a special pray'r,  
For my welfare they did not care.

From my home I quickly sped,  
I went on my way to wed,  
The folks at home threw up their "fins"  
When I wired back "My wife has twins."

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
WILL ROSSITER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

## WHEN THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN

Words by James O'Dea. Music by Robert J. Adams.  
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Cy Perkins was the village scamp of Jayville-on-the-Pike,  
Cy Perkins with his funny jokes you couldn't well dislike,  
At the country grocery store, where he loafed from ten till four,  
He'd keep the boys a-laughing till their very sides were sore.  
When the circus bills in summer on the fences would appear,  
Then Cy would say: "This is the grandest time of all the year,  
For there's nothing half so fine as the circus folks in line,  
When they come trooping into town, oh, that's the fun for mine."

### CHORUS.

For when the circus comes to town I want to see  
The whole darned shooting-match from A to Z.  
I want to see the clown when he drives about the town,  
And I want to hear the steam piano play, by gee!  
I'll spend as much as sixty-seven cents  
To walk right up and see the show commence,  
With my gal, Samantha Brown, in her Siegel-Cooper gown,  
I'll be a reg'lar cut-up when the circus comes to town."

"I like to see the horses in the ring a-doing a jig,  
There's nothing half so funny as the educated pig,  
And the acrobats so great, who are always up to date,  
Are the only kind of actors I could ever tolerate.  
When they pass around the crimson lemonade I like to choke,  
For that's the only drink on which I ever would go broke,  
From the clown, so full of fun, to the girl who weighs a ton,  
With the freaks and all included I'm in love with ev'ry one."

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
WILL ROSSITER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

## IN THE SPRINGTIME, ANNIE DEAR

Words and music by Harry S. Marion.  
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How I long for dear old Dixie where the sky is bright and fair,  
And the white magnolia blossoms sweetly scent the balmy air;  
There the mocking-bird is singing to his mate among the trees,  
And the sound of banjo ringing softly floats upon the breeze.  
Where the honeysuckle's growing you can hear the honey bee,  
Where the lazy river's flowing a sweet maiden waits for me;  
I am going back to Dixie, yes, the time is drawing near,  
I am coming home, my sweetheart, in the spring-time, Annie dear.

### CHORUS.

I can see the field of clover that so often we roamed over,  
And again I hear the darkies' sweet refrain;  
There the sky is ever clear and the time is drawing near,  
I'll be with you in the spring-time, Annie dear.

When the evening shadows gathered we would stand beside the  
stream,  
As we watched each silver ripple softly kissed by some moon-  
beam,  
Then across the silent waters, as we stood there hand in hand,  
We would hear the darkies singing those sweet songs of Dixie  
land.  
While the moon was brightly beaming we could see our shadows  
blend,  
As I drew you closer to me and I whispered "Till the end;"  
I am coming back to Georgia, to the place that gave me birth,  
To the cotton and the clover, to the sweetest girl on earth.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
WILL ROSSITER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

# HIAWATHA

Words by James O'Dea Music by Neil Moret  
Copyright MCMIII by the Whitney-Warner Pub. Co., Detroit

O, the moon is all a-gleam on the stream where I dream here of  
you, my pretty Indian maid;  
While the rustling leaves are singing high above us overhead.  
In the glory of the bright summer night, in the light and the  
shadows of the forest glade  
I am waiting here to kiss your lips so red.  
There's a flood of melodies on the breeze from the trees, and of  
you they breathe so tenderly,  
While the woodlands all around are resounding your name.  
O, my all in life is you, only you, fond and true, and your own  
forevermore I'll be.  
Hear, then, the song I sing with lips aflame.

## REFRAIN.

I am your own, your Hiawatha brave,  
My heart is yours, you know, dear one, I love you so;  
O, Minnehaha, gentle maid, decide,  
Decide and say you'll be my Indian bride.

In the tresses of your hair lies a snare, and it's there where my  
heart a willing captive is;  
O, my woodland queen I pray you'll hold it ever in your care.  
In my little birch canoe, love, with you, just we two, down the  
stream of life in wedded bliss  
I would drift, sweetheart, with you my lot to share.  
When the birds upon the wing in the spring gaily sing of the  
green and golden summer-time,  
When the snows of early winter robe the woodlands in white,  
Then your Hiawatha free I will be, and to thee ev'ry thought of  
mine will e'er incline,  
Heed, then, the vows I pledge to thee this night.

**NOTICE!** Will Rossiter wishes to call your attention to the  
fact that this great song,

## HIAWATHA

is the latest success, and is one of the most popular and greatest sellers in America today. We have made a special arrangement with the publisher of this song to furnish you complete copies at 30 cents each if you fill in and send this coupon.

## COUPON

**THIS COUPON and 30 cents, in stamps, if sent to The Whitney-Warner Pub. Co., Detroit, Mich., is good for one complete original copy of this song "Hiawatha" and illustrated music catalog.**

Your Name \_\_\_\_\_

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# CONTRARY MARY

Words by M. E. Rourke Music by Ellis R. Ephraim  
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When first I saw my Mary dear my heart was captured, quite,  
By eyes that shamed the brightest stars of night,  
By pouting lips on which I thought, by accident, a pair  
Of roses' crimson buds had fallen there.  
So when I later learned that she had never had a beau,  
By ev'ry means my love I tried to show;  
I walked with her through shady lanes all through the month of  
June  
I sang this song beneath the silver moon:

## CHORUS.

Mary, now, please to sit on my knees, do,  
Nobody sees you only the moon above you;  
Don't be contrary, hear love's vocabulary,  
Mary, my Mary, how I love you!

But Mary was contrary and Miss Mary one fine day  
A bee-line made for somewhere called Broadway,  
Became an actor lady and was on the road to fame,

The daily papers helping on her game.  
There's nothing now that Mary wants that Mary hasn't got,  
Except my love, and Mary wants it—not!  
For there are many others now whom Mary would prefer  
To sing this little song of mine to her.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
WILL ROSSITER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

# VACATION TIME WAS ONLY MEANT FOR COONS

Words and music by A. L. Robb and J. Fred Helf  
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Ben Hamilton was awful lazy, likewise awful black,  
And if his fire went out he'd sit and wait till it came back;  
If you said: "Go to work" to him, he'd take it on the run;  
He understood that phrase in ev'ry language 'neath the sun.  
He never read a want ad in the papers in his life,  
The only tools he handled were a fork, a spoon and knife;  
His life was one long dream of bliss and lasted many moons,  
His motto was, "Vacation time was only meant for coons."

## CHORUS.

And New Year's day's the first day of vacation,  
St. Patrick's Day I always climb a tree,  
Abe Lincoln's day I celebrate my freedom,  
And Labor Day is sleeping time for me,  
Thanksgiving Day I'm thankful I ain't working,  
Emancipation Day's for ragtime tunes,  
To my Hebrew friends I'm true, I keep Rosh Hashorah too,  
Vacation time was only meant for coons.

He soon got tired of all remarks about his laziness,  
And so he wrote a want ad and dispatched it to the press;  
He'd like a job at creasing pants and he'd make good all right,  
He'd put them in between the ticks and sleep on them all night.  
A job as janitor in some good chicken-coop would do,  
Night watchman in a watermelon patch would suit him, too,  
He'd work if he had recommends from his last boss, he said,  
That's why he's on vacation, his last boss is twelve years dead.

## CHORUS.

And New Year's day's the first day of vacation,  
St. Patrick's Day I always climb a tree,  
Abe Lincoln's Day I celebrate my freedom,  
And Labor Day is sleeping time for me,  
Thanksgiving Day I'm thankful I ain't working,  
Emancipation Day's for ragtime tunes,  
And my joy it knows no bounds when Yom Kippur comes  
around,  
Vacation time was only meant for coons.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
WILL ROSSITER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

# ELLA

Words by Matt C. Woodward Music by Ben M. Jerome  
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The weather was wet, that's how I met my Ella, Ella,  
Thanks to the sky and the lending of my umbrella, umbrella;  
If the sun had been out, I do not doubt, she'd never have done  
the thing,  
But her hat had a feather that balked at bad weather, and so she  
came under my wing.

## CHORUS.

Ella! Ella! Now's the time to tell 'er;  
Wet or fine, she must be mine, and I must be her "feller";  
Ella! Ella! Be my darling, do;  
I'm right in tune for a honeymoon with just such a girl as you.

"The weather is fine, a ride for mine," says Ella, Ella,  
"Automobile is the right kind of wheel," I tell 'er, I tell 'er;  
As we haven't a horse my arms, of course, 'round Ella are  
bound to glide;  
The words that I utter cause Ella to flutter and snuggle up close  
to my side.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
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cover handsomely printed in many colors, all in all making it a most entertaining little volume. Sent to any address on receipt of Price, 10c (1c stamps).

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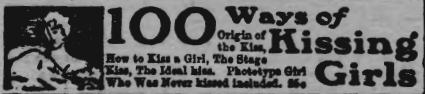
## LITTLE FOLKS' SPEAKER



"Home, Sweet Home"; there's no place like home—but it depends on the kind of home this ever-green and soul-inspiring song refers to. The only true home is the one happily blessed with little children. "God never smiles where there are not finger-marks on the walls." In the thousands of homes so blessed there is a constant demand on the good mothers for "pieces to speak"—some little thing appropriate for the occasion, maybe for a little tot of 3 or a bright child of 10 or 12 years. It may be "Children's Day" at church, it may be a children's entertainment, a children's concert or a thousand and one things that come in the life of the many, and it is for just such events we have compiled this book. The entire collection is made with the idea of containing just what you want. There are many original pieces written especially for this book. Speeches of welcome, short epilogues for the opening and closing of entertainments which it would be almost impossible to find elsewhere. Mothers, you should have this book in your homes, as there is nothing better for the proper training of a child's mind than learning to "speak a piece." Book sent complete to any address for 25c (stamps or silver).

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Love is the strongest power of the world and always will be. It is the tie that binds the earth together just as surely as it is love which heals or breaks our hearts. Poets have sung its praises since the world began and will continue to do so to the end. There is no purer, better nor more soul-inspiring theme than love—LOVE—yet what countless millions have perished just for one little sip of that most holy nectar. That love is such a mighty power and comes to all in some form sooner or later is why we never tire of its doings. The subject is one we all understand; it is sure to possess us in some one or more of the seven ages of man during his varied career from the cradle to the grave. LOVE LETTERS! There is something unexplainable in the very name. The more beautiful they are the more we love to read them, and the more beautiful the language the more potent they will prove with your sweetheart—the only girl you ever loved. This book gives directions how to write them, what sort of language you should use and how to use it. It gets started on the right and inside track with the aid of this book, and Love, sweet Love, will do the rest. This book contains much, and many secrets pertaining to Love, Courtship and Marriage; also the art of secret letter-writing. "LOVE LETTERS," 25c (stamps or silver).

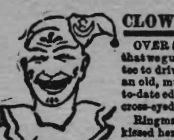
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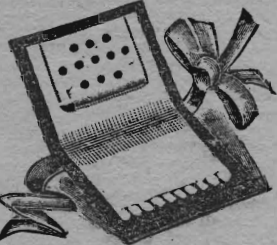
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lads, songs, jokes, etc.; new and back-splitting stump speeches follow, and clever material for the "olio" between the first and second parts. For those putting on amateur minstrel shows we say there is no book so good as this one, and you will save yourself all kinds of work and worry by having it to constantly refer to. We send this book COMPLETE to any address on receipt of PRICE, 25c (stamps or silver).

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COMPLETE SHEET MUSIC of the following BIG HITS by W.E. Williams: "Papa's Welcome," "Little Star Malone," "Maggie Malone," "I'm the Baby Cute," "Little Rose and Niece-Hair Fern," "A Cute Baby Boy," "When Baby Sweetly Smiles," "Sweet Nellie Rawn," "I Asked to be Married"—AND OTHERS. This magnificent collection for ONLY 25 cents.

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# Acts, Plays, Sketches, Etc.

## FOR AMATEUR & PROFESSIONAL

### "A True Lover's Knot"

COMEDIETTA FOR VAUDEVILLE TEAM

By WILLIAM LINCOLN BALCH

#### CAST

DR. HENRY HOWARD, } Male Performer.  
FRANK HOWARD, his son, }  
CLAIRE CHESTER, his ward, } Female  
VERA VERSATILIA, vaudeville star, } Per-  
MAME, a gutter-girl, } former.

#### SCENE

Medical Office. Door R. (third prompt entrance); door L. (first O. P. entrance); closet L. (third O. P. entrance), with hanging skeleton (may be painted), bottle and two glasses; writing-table with books, documents and large photo of Claire, R., toward front and center; telephone (or fake) on or behind it; large folding screen up center, masking toilet-table with mirror and chair, screen just tall enough to show bust of female performer when standing; couch L., with head near door; chair near same door; large cuspidor at foot of couch; large anatomical chart, front view, showing organs, on flat, right of center, head replaced by face of some public or local celebrity, pupils of eyes cut out, with electric bulbs behind worked by push-buttons.

Props consist of small vial, cigar, note, roll of greenbacks, photograph of Claire, bottle and two glasses (to break), box of cigarettes, hand-bag.

Costumes as indicated in text.

Time of act, 25 to 30 minutes.

"A True Lover's Knot" comedietta sent postpaid to any address on receipt of Price, 25c.

### "The Second-Hand Man"

TWO-CHARACTER COMEDY SKETCH

By HARRY L. NEWTON

#### CAST

ISAAC GETTHEMALL, a second-hand clothing-dealer.

WILLIAM SPIVEN, a farmer.

#### SCENE

Interior of cheap-clothing store; old clothes, etc., scattered about stage and counter.

#### COSTUMES

The Jew make-up should be that of a typical cheap-clothing dealer. On rube character have a hat and a coat, the tails of the coat to be fixed in a manner so that they can be made to wag like the tail of a dog when required. This is a comical piece of business and should not be overlooked. Fix in such a manner that it can be worked from the pockets. Have supernumerary (third party), dressed to look as nearly like a dummy as possible, standing on one side of the stage.

Time of act, 15 to 20 minutes.

"The Second-Hand Man" sketch, complete, sent postpaid to any address on receipt of Price, 25c.

### "Mr. Niagara's Fall"

COMEDY SKETCH

By HARRY L. NEWTON

#### CAST

GERTIE GOODKIND, leading lady, with stage ambitions.

FRITZ SCHNEIDER VON PICKLES WIENER-WURST BEERBUYER, Dutch comedian.

#### SCENE

Gertie Goodkind's apartments in the Hotel Graball. Table and chair R., opposite second entrance. On table have large book; also large wooden ball to represent a pill.

Costumes suitable to the characters, *ad lib.*

Time of act, 10 to 15 minutes.

"Mr. Niagara's Fall" sketch, complete, sent postpaid to any address on receipt of Price, 25c.

### "Messrs. Grin & Barrett"

SKIT FOR TWO IRISH COMEDIANS

(Open with Song)

This is what many call "Sidewalk Conversation," a style of performance made so popular years ago by Harry and John Kernell. It's a string of funny questions and funny answers intended to be "done" in quick succession. This is very easy and is something that always makes a hit. It is also an act that is easy to practice, as you can "do" it and "get it down fine" in your own room before springing it on the public.

Time of act, 10 to 15 minutes.

"Messrs. Grin & Barrett" skit sent prepaid to any address on receipt of Price, 25c.

### "The Fortune-Teller"

By HARRY L. NEWTON

#### CHARACTERS

WILLIE WASHINGTON (Tramp), who wishes to know the future.

GERTIE KNOWIT (Soubrette), who knows it.

#### SCENE

Parlor, C. D.; table; chairs R. and L. of table; sofa, chairs *ad lib.* On table have small bottle containing a little gasoline; decanter, with contents, to be used for drinking purposes; wine-glass, hammer and nails; Turkish bath-towel on back of chair.

#### COSTUMES

Willie Washington—Eccentric tramp, not rough.

Gertie Knowit—First entrance, costume *ad lib.* Second entrance, white, soft dress over costume.

Time of act, 15 minutes.

"The Fortune-Teller" sketch complete, postpaid to any address on receipt of Price, 25c.

### "A Country Visitor"

LAUGHABLE ONE-ACT FARCE

By CHRIS LANE

#### CAST

LUKE, a wise guy.

JASPER, also wise but otherwise.

FARMER JENKINS, dealer in wood.

#### SCENE

Public room of buffet. Center door, fancy table and two chairs right of center door. Props include a black rawhide whip and horse-pistol; table and two chairs; decanter, with contents for drinking purposes, and two glasses.

Costumes for Luke and Jasper—Dress of the average city "sporty" youth. For Farmer—Ordinary "rube" make-up.

Time of act, 15 to 20 minutes.

"A Country Visitor" farce, complete, sent postpaid to any address on receipt of Price, 25c.

### "A Harmless Flirtation"

A ONE-ACT COMEDY

By JEFFREY T. BRANEN

#### CHARACTERS

JESSIE DAVENPORT, daughter of a well-to-do business man.

SELLUM SURE, an up-to-date agent.

COUNT VON RENNSLER, German count } Double

CHARLIE HOPKINS, in love with Jessie }

#### SCENE

Dining-room in modern flat; costumes modern; dining-table, right of center and opposite second entrance; screen, back stage; sideboard against back drop; on sideboard have large glass bowl, with gold-fish; also pieces of carrots made to represent gold-fish.

Time of act, 10 to 15 minutes.

"A Harmless Flirtation" sketch complete, postpaid to any address on receipt of Price, 25c.

### "Who Is Clarice?"

A COMEDIETTA

By HARRY L. NEWTON

#### CHARACTERS

JACK LOVEDALE, a young husband.

JEANETTE LOVEDALE, his wife.

#### SCENE

Dining-room in the Lovedale flat. Table is set for breakfast. Newspaper on table, also "prop" biscuits, very hard; coffee-pot, etc. Telegram lying on floor. Time, 8 A. M.

#### COSTUMES

Modern, *ad lib.* This throughout is unusually bright, full of laughs and very easy to produce.

Time of act, 10 to 15 minutes.

"Who Is Clarice" comedietta, complete, sent postpaid to any address on receipt of Price, 25c.

### "The Booking Agent"

A VAUDEVILLE HIT IN ONE ACT

By HARRY L. NEWTON

#### CHARACTERS

HARDTO KATCH, a theatrical booking agent.

AGNES SENTIME, an actress.

#### SCENE

Office of Hardto Katch. Desk and chair, R., opposite 2d entrance; other furniture *ad lib.*

Costumes appropriate to characters. This is a very clever little act and full of lots of good, bright professional talk.

Time of act, 10 to 15 minutes.

"The Booking Agent" act, complete, sent postpaid to any address on receipt of Price, 25c.

### "A Rush Message"

VAUDEVILLE CYCLOPONE IN ONE ACT

By HARRY L. NEWTON

#### CHARACTERS

I. M. DAFFIE, an eccentric individual } Double  
WILLIE HURRY, a messenger-boy }  
LMA BIRD, also eccentric.

#### SCENE

Parlor. Table and chair, R. Feather duster on table.

PLOT—We don't care.

TIME—What do you care?

COSTUMES—Whatever you have.

Time of act, 10 to 15 minutes

"A Rush Message" sketch complete, postpaid to any address on receipt of Price, 25c.

### "Alice in Blunderland"

A FARCE IN ONE ACT

By WILLIAM LINCOLN BALCH

#### CAST

ALICE MAYNARD, with a mind on this world.

PROF. BINARY STARR, with a mind on other worlds.

THESPIA STARR (his sister), with a mind on the stage.

GUY DARRYL, with a mind on Alice.

ALPHONSE (a waiter), with a mind on sport.

JARVEY (night-hawk), with a mind on business.

#### SCENE

Private supper-room in Hotel Norminster. Small dining-table back of center, set for two, with chairs right and left; a sideboard or small table for trays behind it. Clothes-hooks, on one of which is a military helmet, behind right-hand chair. Desk or small writing-table with magazines, and chair against wall, L. Mirror above it. Divan or seat front R. (first prompt entrance.) Door R. (third prompt entrance). Door L. (first O. P. entrance). Clock strikes 10 P. M.

Costumes as indicated in text.

Plays 30 minutes.

"Alice in Blunderland" farce, complete, sent postpaid to any address on receipt of Price, 25c.

### "Twixt Midnight & Morn"

A COMEDIETTA IN ONE ACT

By NEWTON AND HOFFMAN

#### CHARACTERS

MRS. RATHERGAY, a wealthy young widow.

WOOD B. FULLER, somewhat sporty.

#### SCENE

Parlor in Mrs. Rathergay's residence. Center door fancy, curtains drawn across; fireplace, R.; marble bust on small table or pedestal, L.; stage set as handsomely as possible.

#### COSTUMES

Mrs. Rathergay—Handsome evening gown.

Wood B. Fuller—Ordinary black suit, slightly shabby.

#### SYNOPSIS

The time of the action of this play is supposed to occur at about 4 A. M. on the morning after a masked ball given by Mrs. Rathergay at her residence. Wood B. Fuller, one of the guests, partakes too freely of wine, and the consequence is that he is "too far gone" to participate in the evening's festivities, and he looks for a quiet place where he can be alone and sleep it off. He wanders into the parlor and goes to sleep behind the center-door curtains, where he is later discovered by Mrs. Rathergay and is taken for a burglar owing to his being made up to represent one of the maskers at the ball. The character of Mrs. Rathergay should be played in a matter-of-fact, brisk way. Wood B. Fuller should be played "half-jag" at first, gradually sobering.

Time of act, 10 to 15 minutes.

"Twixt Midnight and Morn" comedietta, complete, sent postpaid to any address on receipt of Price, 25c.

### "The Butt-In of Buttonbenders"

AN IRISH ECCENTRICITY IN ONE ACT

By HARRY L. NEWTON

#### CHARACTERS

MRS. BERN WED, in search of a husband.

MICHAEL BUTTONBENDERS, in search of a job.

#### COSTUMES

Appropriate Irish for male; *ad lib.* for lady.

#### SCENE

Parlor table, chairs, sofa, etc. This sketch is full of laughs from start to finish and never fails to make a big hit on any kind of a program.

Time of act, 10 to 15 minutes.

"The Butt-In of Buttonbenders" sketch sent postpaid to any address on receipt of Price, 25c.

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# Vaudeville Prompter No. 4

## No. 4

### DOUBLE NUMBER

### PRICE THE SAME

### 50 Cents

### Best Parodies Jokes Gags Acts Plays Sketches Etc.

This No. 4 is the first number entirely our own "get-up" throughout, and we do not hesitate to say it is the greatest value for the price (50 cents) ever offered to the professionals and amateurs of the American stage. Herewith is printed merely the headings of sections into which this volume is divided, but hope same will give you some idea of what you get in No. 4. It is filled from cover to cover with the very best stage material we could secure. No. 4 is of great value to any man, woman or child who is interested in the stage. Following is a partial list of the contents:

#### Editorial

"Three Shows a Day," "Talent versus Notoriety," "Be a Specialist," "Burnt-Cork Comedy," "Change Your Act or Back to the Woods," "The Performer's Dilemma," "Don't Be a Thief," are articles by experts either one of which is worth more than the price of the entire Prompter to those who are not too old to learn.

#### Parodies

"Go 'Way Back and Sit Down," "In the City of Sighs and Tears," "Nancy Brown," two on "Only a Soldier-Boy," two on "In the Good Old Summer-Time," four on "Under the Bamboo-Tree," "Paint Me a Picture of Mamma," "I'll Wed You in the Golden Summer-Time," "They Were All Doing the Same," "I'm a Jonah-Man," "Dear Old London," "I'll Be With You When the Roses Bloom-Again," "Josephine, My Jo," "Sits Among the Cabbages and Peas," "When the Boys Go Marching By," "Then I'd Be Satisfied With Life," the best comic parody written on the famous "Hiawatha"; also Edwards and Ronney, the great parody-writers, contribute good ones on "The Banquet in Misery Hall," "The Spirit of '76," "Under the Bamboo-Tree," etc.

#### Gags, Jokes, & Comic Poetry

Under this heading are a lot of up-to-date comic bits that will fit in anywhere, and every joke is a real laugh. Also the latest Weber-Fieldman Repartee, giving word for word all the funny jokes of that famous all-star company. Dozens of funny Epitaphs—just the things for short encores—such as: "We have laid him here with sad regrets—the victim of too many Cascarets." Then we give the original "Crazy Song," by Harry L. Newton—to the tune of "Dixie"—starting: "Way down South in the land of cotton, I wrote this song and I wrote it rotten—I didn't!" etc.

#### New Professional Recitations

"Tribby," by Herbert H. Taylor; "The Man Who Beats a Horse," by Geo. J. Southwick; "The Old Showman's Story," by Geo. J. Southwick; "God Bless That Old Thief There," by Geo. J. Southwick; and the ever-famous and popular "Hullo!" by S. W. Foss, starting: "When you see a man in woe, walk right up an' say 'Hullo!'" etc. We suggest that you learn these and "do them" the first opportunity you have. There is nothing that "goes" better on the stage than a good recitation well given. If you are not capable of reciting, take a few lessons. There is no telling when you may be called upon to do something in the way of entertaining, and we assure you if you have any one of these recitations "down pat" you will positively make a great "hit." Any one of these is worth more to you than the price of this complete number.

#### Monologues, Cross-Fire Conversation, Get-Backs, Etc.

Under this heading we offer the finest lot of Stage Monologues ever published. "Monologue," by Harry L. Newton; "Monologue," by Chris Lane, complete, with all the talk from start to finish, even the songs for the finish. "Rapid-Fire Conversation Act," for two males, arranged by Chris Lane, giving the opening song, followed by the comic conversation and closing with song, all given complete. "The Dime-Museum Lecturer," by Harry L. Newton, is one of the very best things in this number. It's a laugh from start to finish and can be done either by one or by team. In presenting this little skit the idea is to imitate as nearly as possible a lecturer in a dime museum. Use nasal tone of voice with exaggerated drawl. In using it for team-work one of the team fills his mouth with dry crackers, and at intervals, as per places indicated, viz.: Popcorn! Peanuts! Peaches! he blows the cracker with the same breath that he ejaculates "Popcorn!" etc. "Cross-Gagging Song," for two males, by Chris Lane.

We have hundreds of letters of praise from those who have the previous numbers of "The Vaudeville Prompter," and we appreciate them, and in getting up this number 4 we have done our best to give you the very best book of its kind in America and at the same time the greatest money's worth you ever saw. This number by actual count of pages is double the size of previous numbers, printed in the latest Roycroft type on the best laid stock, and cover in colors with an appropriate design, in finest inks. Got up in every way to make it the greatest "hit" of any book on the market. While this book is double the size of any we have ever put out, and contains more meritorious stage material than any one- or two-dollar book on the market, our price remains the same—50c. Vaudeville Prompter sent prepaid to any address on receipt of price. Address all orders,

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*For Amateur and Professional*

We offer you here the finest lot of new and clever sketches ever published in one volume. For want of room it is impossible to give you a complete description and will mention only title, authors, cast, time of act. All these have been written for Vaudeville Prompter, and were you to buy them direct from the authors for your exclusive use would cost you from \$25 to \$500 each, according to the reputation of the authors.

"A Lunatic Pro Tem.," an original sketch for male and female, by Chris Lane. Cast: Bennett Buller Boothby, comedian; Daisy Dolly Dimple, soubrette. Time of act, 10 to 15 minutes.

"Humanity," a dramatic sketch for male and female, by Gillespie & Reilly. Cast: Robert DeGraaf, a young doctor newly married to a rich mine-owner's daughter; Dora DeGraaf, the wife whose heart is not turned by riches. Time of act, 15 to 20 minutes.

"A Country Visitor," a laughable one-act farce, by Chris Lane. Cast: Luke, a wise guy; Jasper, also wise, but otherwise; Farmer Jenkins, dealer in wood. Time of act, 15 to 20 minutes.

"Messrs. Grin and Barrett," a sketch for two Irish comedians, by Harry L. Newton. Cast: Grin, a mick; Barrett, an Irishman. Time of act, 10 to 15 minutes.

"The Second-Hand Man," a two-character comedy sketch, by Harry L. Newton. Cast: Isaac Getthemall, a second-hand clothing-dealer; William Spiven, a farmer. Time of act, 15 to 20 minutes.

"Mr. Niagara's Fall," a comedy sketch, by Harry L. Newton. Cast: Gerie Goodkind, leading lady, with stage ambitions; Fritz Schneider von Pickles Wienerwurst Beerbuyer, Dutch comedian. Time of act, 10 to 15 minutes.

"Alice in Blunderland," a farce in one act, by William Lincoln Balch. Cast: Alice Maynard, with a mind on this world; Prof. Binary Starr, with a mind on other worlds; Thespiea Starr, his sister, with a mind on the stage; Guy Darryl, with a mind on Alice; Alphonse, a waiter, with a mind on sport; Jarvey, a night-hawk, with a mind on business. Plays 30 minutes.

"A True Lover's Knot," a comedietta for vaudeville team, by William Lincoln Balch. Cast: Dr. Henry Howard, Frank Howard, his son (male performer); Claire Chester, his ward, Vera Versatilia, vaudeville star, Mame, a gutter-girl (female performer). Time of act, 25 to 30 minutes.

#### Theatrical Phrases & Their Meanings

This is something never published before. From this any amateur may get familiar with professional expressions, and by using them in talking or writing to a manager can appear to advantage, as one who is so well up on "prof." talk must certainly have had some practical stage experience. We think you can see immediately what a great value these "Theatrical Phrases" are to the beginner.

# The Vaudeville Prompter

The only publication of its particular kind—a guide and instructor for all amateurs and professionals. If interested in Concert, Minstrel show, Vaudeville or Dramatic performance, or for evening "Stags," you will find THE PROMPTER contains just the material you are looking for. A glance at partial contents will convince you our claims are correct.

## No. 1 Parodies

A red-hot bunch of parodies by all the good parodists on the following songs: "For Old Times' Sake"; "It's A-Goin' to Weep No More"; "When the Harvest is Over"; "I'd Leave My Happy Home for You"; "Do"; "A Bird in a Gilded Cage"; "The Girl I Loved in Sunny Tennessee"; by Billy Jerome; "The Blue and the Gray"; "I've Waited, Honey, Waited Long for You"; "Just One Girl"; and "She Certainly Was Good to Me"—both by Billy Jerome; "Fatal Rose of Red," etc. Also the German version of "I'd Leave My Happy Home for You," with the proper pronunciation in English.

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"Conversation in One," for two males, written by E. P. Moran, is a positive hit. If you are looking for good hot Get-Backs, here they are, for male and female—will take from three to seven minutes; can cut to suit time to fill. Following all this a page full of Epitaphs, by Billy Jerome; Jokelets, Epitaphs, by E. P. Moran; Gags—good ones, too—and some comic bits, by Chris Lane, the parody-writer. Then there is "Comic Conversation," for two males, also by Chris Lane. You know him—his stuff always goes. "Comic Epitaphs," by F. DeForest Jones; quite a bunch of them, too—over twenty-five. Two poems, by Leontine Stanfield—"Goo-Goo and Boo-Boo" and "Sitting Bull Up to Date"; also several illustrated Jokelets. "Song Publishers' Fables. No. 1—The Man That Got Next," by Arthur J. Lamo. Several Stories, by E. P. Moran—quite a lot of them, too—enough for you all to pick from. Chris Lane's famous applause-getter, **A STORY OF SONGS AND PLAYS**, "Get-Backs for Male and Female," by E. P. Moran. "Groggling Song," by Chris Lane; can be sung to "Weird" of the Green" air. Also a full page of **TIT-BITS; or QINGER FOR THE QINGER-JAR**—for "smokers" or "stags" evenings.

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There is enough matter for half a dozen monologue turns—all good, original stuff. "A Balm in Gilead," a comic bit; "Why the Elephant Didn't Play the Piano," a laughlet; "Comic Poetry," by E. P. Moran—quite a spasm; more "Comic Poetry," by Billy Jerome; also "Song Titles," by the same famous author of "He Never Came Back" and "Rosie O'Grady." **LEVI AND ROSINKI**, by E. P. Moran, is a very clever Hebrew dialect act for two, from seven to ten minutes long—genuine laughs from the "nonsensement" to when it doesn't keep on any longer. **A LOAD OF COAL**—a comedy sketch, by E. P. Moran, bright and up-to-date ten to fifteen minute sketch suitable for any vaudeville program. Among "Crazyisms" there are some excellent two to three minute encores—you can fit 'em in any old place; they are good things to have handy.

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In No. 1 are the complete words and music of a clever stage song, **WHAT IS THE USE OF KEEPING A COV?** Words by Barney and Hoon and music by Harry von Tilzer. A good stage song is **REAL COON DANCING**. Words and music by Chris Lane. You all know how hard it is to find a good song to open a double dancing act—a new one on the "Pas-a-mala" style. Well, "Real Coon Dancing" is just the thing you are looking for, and it will be published in sheet music form, and is to be found only in The Vaudeville Prompter No. 1. This song has all kinds of good "business" in every line of verses and chorus, and it will pay you to "get up" in it at once. The Great Chinese Mystery, **CHOP SUEY COON** song, by Chris Lane, is already being sung by many of the best-known performers in the business, and the quicker you fall into line and spring it the sooner you'll be taking more encores in your act. Don't be a lobster and wait till it's sung to death; get it now and learn it in a hurry.

The ballad success of No. 1 is the greatest song, **DON'T BE SO ANXIOUS TO RUN DOWN A WOMAN**—a great descriptive song, by W. R. Williams. It contains a story from stage life and defends the women of the stage, and for that reason alone, if no other, it is your plain duty to sing it and boom this song along in every way you can. It's a stronger song than "A Cruel Hiss," so popular many years ago.

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First, **CHORUS GIRL vs. SHOP GIRL**. Both sides of the subject are treated fairly and in a masterly manner, and it would be well for the profession if the narrow-minded prides of this world might read and realize the truth in the lives of these two classes, instead of being contented with their own unworthy impressions. Second, **HOW TO GET ON THE STAGE**. Here is a subject that is dear to the heart of every stage-struck girl or boy, woman or man, the world over. This is a question they have asked not only themselves over and over again, but all their friends and acquaintances—and alas! no one ever answers it as you want them to. For nine times out of ten do they not throw "ice water" on your pet ambitions and crush your fondest hopes as flat as the proverbial pancake! How to get on the stage is answered in The Vaudeville Prompter No. 1 in good round common sense, and you for one should read it at once. It may tell you the very thing you have been wanting to know for years.

All the above and much more in No. 1 sent to any address on receipt of

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A great collection of the best efforts of the best writers. There are an unusually fine lot of parodies on the following songs: Spider and Fly, Blue and Gray, Every Race Has a Flag but the Coon, My Hannah Lady, Oh! Oh! Miss Phoebe, Just Because She Made Dem Goo-Goo Eyes, A Picture no Artist Can Paint, The Man Behind the Gun, When the Harvest Days are Over, The Hebrew Hot-Carrier (by Billy Jerome, to the tune of It Ain't No Lie), Asleep in the Deep, I Wonder if She's Waiting, Sweet Annie Moore, Good-By, Dolly Gray, Any Old Place I Hang My Hat Is Home, Sweet Home, to Me (another of Billy Jerome's), etc.

## Conversations, Get-Backs, Epitaphs, etc.

Following this red-hot bunch of parodies is a ten-minute conversation in One for two males by the well-known author of stage successes, E. P. Moran. This conversation is bright and clever from start to finish, is O. K. for any male team, and will be a hit on any vaudeville or concert stage. You will do well to get up in it at once. There are a sharp lot of Get-Backs for a male-and-female team, suitable for a two or three minute encore, and it would be wise to be up in it. Epigrams—eleven of them, and by your favorite Billy Jerome, so you know they are hits. "Insolence," a short but clever little recitation by Charles Horwitz. More Epitaphs—good ones, too—by E. P. Moran. Also complete words and music of the great stage song, **WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT**. Words by Andrew H. Sterling, music by Harry von Tilzer. This song is a hit for stage work. There are four rattling good verses and four different choruses.

## Monologues, Comic Poetry, Recitations, Song Titles, Dialect Pieces, etc.

Under the heading "Monologues" is enough material for several good, first-class monologues; so many good stage stories and funny points that you can pick out just the bits you like and string them together to suit yourself. To those interested these monologues are worth many times the price of the complete number. There are about a dozen funny bits—Song Titles—by E. P. Moran that can be worked in in any old place in an act. Mr. Moran has also some Comic Poetry, among which are several suitable encores. A Dutch dialect piece, "The Observations of Hilde," by George Totten Smith, should be a winner. "Hebrew Stories" are a bunch of hits from first to last, and there are none better anywhere. Here is a sample: "My nephew came to me the other day, and he said: 'Uncle, I've come to ask your advice. I am deeply in love with such a nice little Yiddish girl and I think she loves me too. Now, the only thing that keeps me back is the fact that she is used to having whatever she wishes. Why, she spends a \$1,000 a year on dresses alone. What would you advise me to do, uncle?' I told him if she pays a \$1,000 a year for dresses, to marry the dressmaker." "Crazyisms" take about five minutes in One. Very good, and a good thing to know. Among the best of the recitations: The Actor's Pipe Dream, Rocco, How de Parson Raised de Debil, A Coward, and Miss Muffet Up to Date. A clever burlesque on Sherlock Holmes called **SHYLOCK HOLMES** is a bright little comedy play for six people—four males and two females—and would fit nicely in most any program.

## Stage Songs, Ballads, etc.

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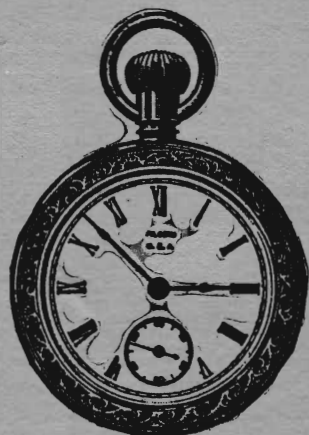
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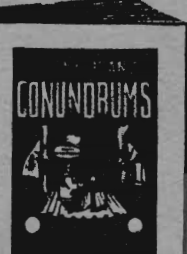
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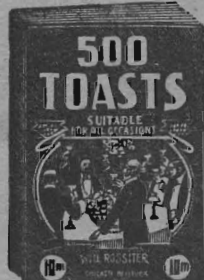
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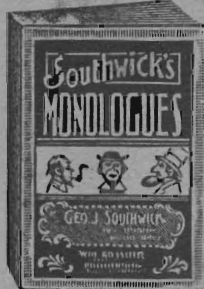


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